The World

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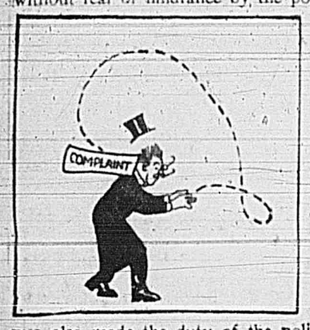
A SIMPLE CITIZEN.

A Simple Citizen of Brooklyn lives on a street where there is a saloon on the corner which he passes every week-day to his elevated railroad station and on Sundays on his way to church. The proprietor of this saloon is respected and popular in the neighborhood, a man who conducts his trying business in a decorous manner and who does not allow women in the back room. Still, like many other saloon-keepers, this estimable proprietor kept open after hours at night and during the day-time on Sunday.

The Simple Brooklyn Citizen was pained to note at the few times when he himself returned to his home after 1 o'clock at night that the lights of the saloon were still burning and that the subdued sounds from within indicated that the sale of intoxicating liquors was going on. He was much more pained to observe as he passed the saloon on his way to church Sunday morning that men were going in and out the side door without fear or hindrance by the policeman on the beat.



This state of things continued month after month. The Simple Citizen bought a copy of the revised and amended Excise law and found that it prohibited the sale of liquor on Sunday and after 1 o'clock at night, except by certain classes of hotels, and the estimable saloon-keeper did not run any kind of a hotel nor have a hotel license. The penalty for such lawlessness was the forfeiture of the excise bond and revocation of the license. It was also made the duty of the police force to enforce the law and to arrest any violators of it.

The Simple Citizen wrote to Commissioner Bingham, stating the flagrant violation of the law which he himself had observed, the name and place of business of the estimable saloon-keeper, and further intimated that if Commissioner Bingham did not do his duty the Simple Citizen would go before the Grand Jury and ask to have the Commissioner indicted.

Within twenty-four hours after this letter was mailed a patrolman took his station at the side door of the estimable saloon-keeper's saloon. The Simple Citizen on his way to church that next Sunday morning saw the policeman and also noted that the saloon was closed. The men who had frequented the saloon instead of going to church did not go to church, now that the law was enforced, but stood outside and made remarks to the Simple Citizen, calling him a "butter-in," a "busybody," and making other audible comments. The policeman pointed a massive finger at him and said:

"There is the man what did this."

During the hours of lawful openness no policeman was stationed there, but every Sunday and every night at 1 o'clock a blue-coated officer took his post at the side door, and whenever the Simple Citizen passed during those hours the policeman levelled at him the finger of scorn and contumely.

The neighbors soon took great interest in the matter. The regular policeman on the beat asked the Simple Citizen why he selected the saloon of the estimable saloon-keeper when there was a score of worse places within a few blocks. The neighbors began to regard this stringent enforcement of the law as a reflection upon that particular block in Brooklyn.

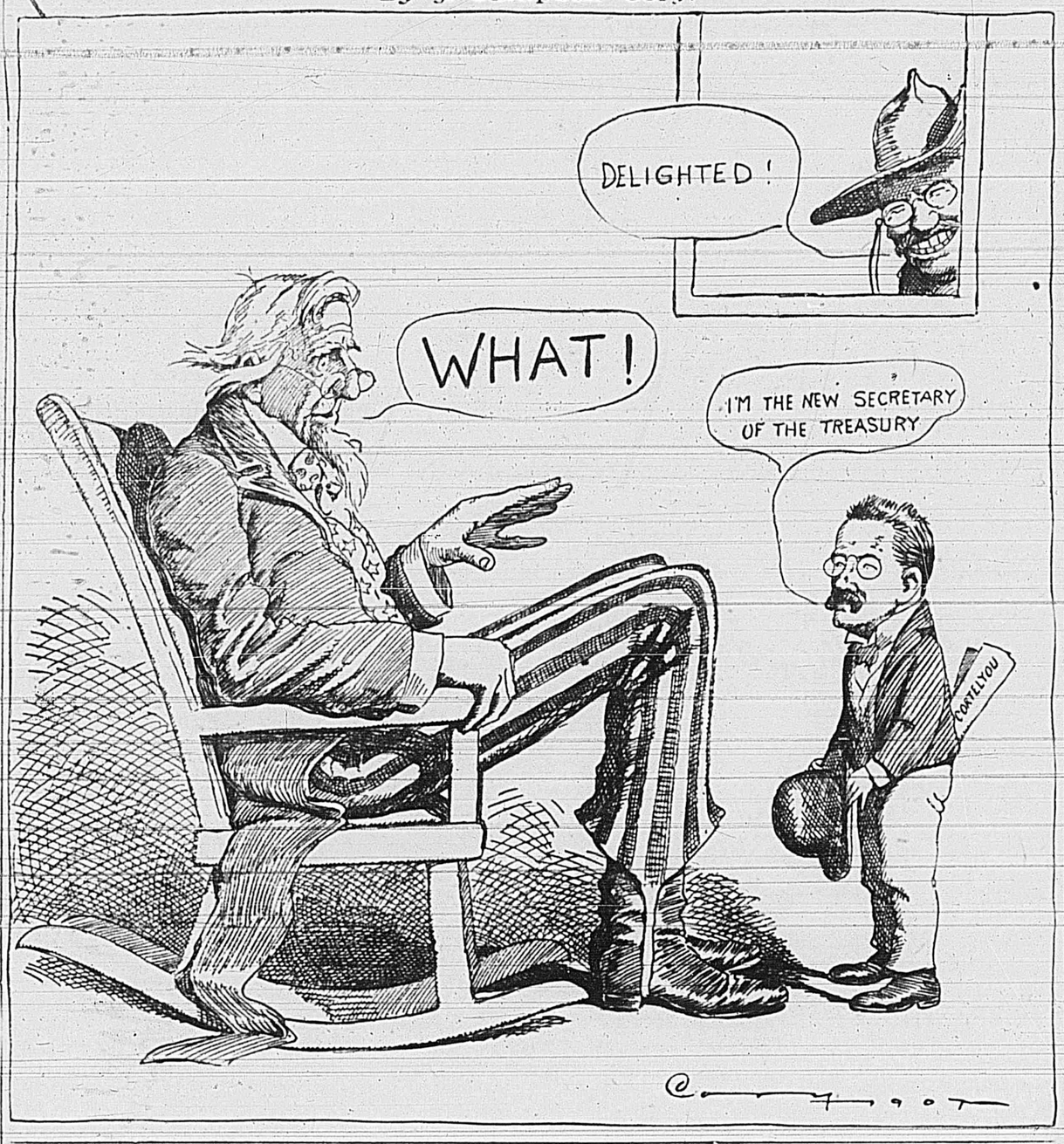
Previously thereto the Simple Citizen had been on good terms with everybody thereabouts. The policemen were his friends. He and the neighbors were on good terms. He went to church regularly and his children attended the Sunday-school. His complaint was with him a case of enforcing the law and compelling the police to do their duty.

It did not last long. The scorn of the neighborhood was too powerful. Public opinion was too hostile. After a few weeks of averted looks and invidious epithets the Simple Citizen told the policeman that he withdrew his complaint, that it was unfair to find fault with the estimable saloon-keeper when worse places kept open, that the law should be enforced everywhere or repealed.

Why have laws that nobody wants enforced?

A Joke.

By J. Campbell Cory.



A Woman's "No" Is Often "Yes" in Disguise

By Helen Oldfield.

WHEN a man makes a proposal of marriage which is rejected the choice is open to him whether to accept such rejection as final and go his way to "seek fresh fields and pastures new" or to try again, hoping that, after the manner accredited to womankind, the lady of his heart may change her mind and her "nay" into "yea." If he is really and truly in earnest and feels sure that she is the one and only woman in the world for him he should weigh the rejection carefully and find out for himself whether her refusal does not veil an invitation to persevere. There is an old saying that a woman's "no" often means "yes," and the lover who fails to take this phase of feminine character into consideration sometimes does so to his own and the lady's lasting regret.

There are plenty of happy marriages which have begun with "no" and ended with "yes." Nor will either husband or wife fail to acknowledge that they are glad it all ended as it did. It frequently happens that the woman who refuses the first time consents willingly upon the second or third. Nor is the reason for this far to seek. Indeed, there are several reasons, each and all of them fairly good, as a woman's reasons go.

In the first place, when a woman is in doubt as to the state of her own feelings, is halting between two opinions as to the acceptance of an offer, she is much more likely to say "no" than "yes." To this there are many exceptions. There are women who say "yes" tentatively, wishing to keep hold of an admirer until some one better appears; women who like to drag their captives at their chariot wheels, and who think always that an engagement is not binding upon a woman unless she so desires.

The woman who answers with a negative which is but half meant does so believing that if her suitor really means what he says he will not accept dismissal without making an effort to reverse her decision. In the days of our forefathers any lady who accepted a lover on the first time of asking was held to be sadly lacking in a proper sense of her own value.

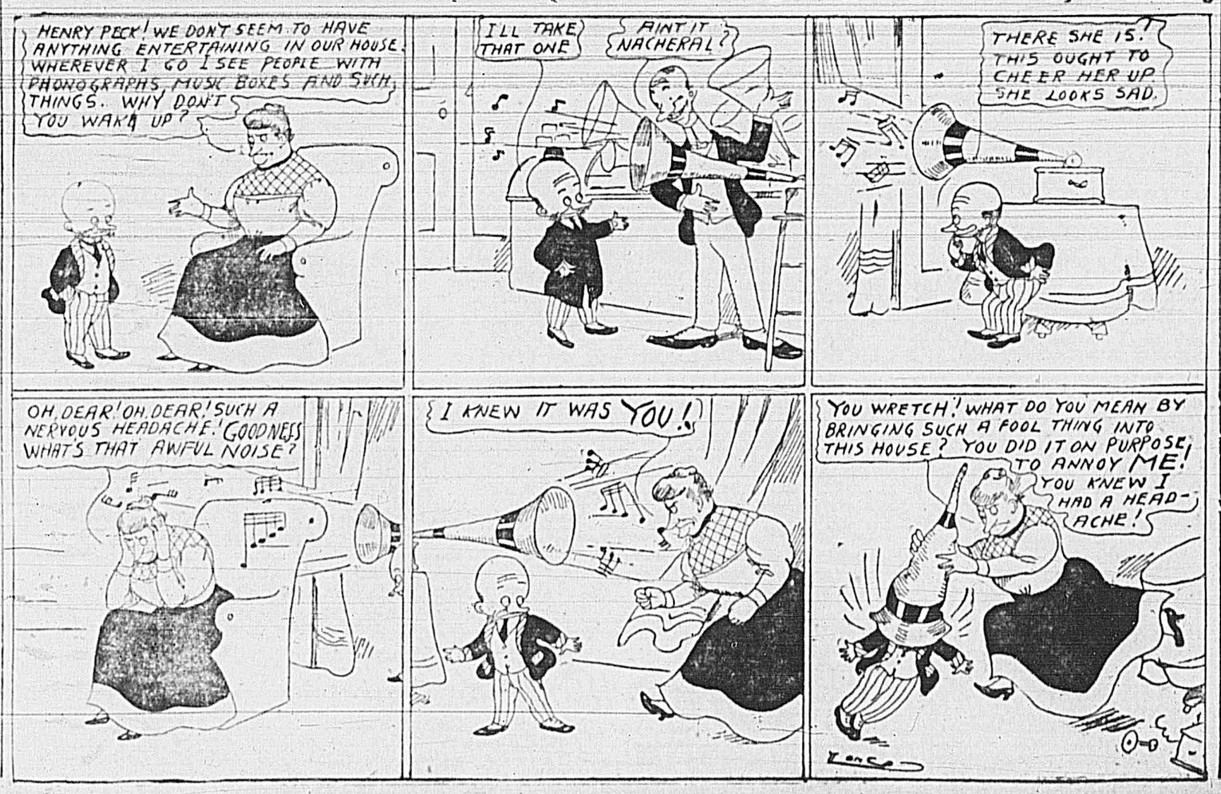
There are, so far as we know, no accessible statistics compiled upon the subject, but there is much hearsay evidence which goes to prove that the average man marries about the fifth or sixth girl to whom he takes a fancy. There have been something less than a half dozen charmers, each of whom has been for a time the one and only woman worth while in all the world. But he has married another after all, and it is probably quite as well for all the paragons and himself. It is not only women who are fickle!

Still, a man who really is in love will be wise to persevere, with discretion. All women love to be loved, and he who can convince any one whose heart is not already pre-empted of his own undying devotion to her scores a strong point in the running to her favor. The astute lover, when declined as a husband, begs humbly for friendship and proceeds to make himself necessary to her comfort and happiness. He studies her tastes, humors her whims, is always on hand when needed, yet never in the way. In short, he plays the part of "cavalier servant" so adroitly that some day when he betakes himself to Japan or to Paris his lady love wakes up to the knowledge that he has become indispensable to her, a part of her life, which, withdrawn, leaves a sense of lack, a void. Most fortresses will capitulate if the siege be long enough and well conducted, and the rule holds good in love as well as in war. There are some men who fail to grasp the sense of a rejection at all, who camp upon a woman's doorstep, so to speak, and win her in the end by force of sheer persistency. It is, however, to be doubted whether such course often is wise, since it is apt to be not love which has induced the acceptance, but the feeling of weariness which is described as "marrying a man to be rid of him." Neither is it always love on the part of the man which produces the insistence. It may be the determination not to be beaten, to triumph over opposition, and a marriage from such motives can scarcely be happy.

The best punishment for the woman who has had the bad judgment to reject a good offer is to prove to her how desirable it was. For which reason, instead of "going to the dogs" because of disappointed love, let the man who respects himself find through his sorrow a pathway to the stars.—Chicago Tribune.

If YOU Had a Wife Like This.

By F. G. Long



Letters from the People.

The Servant Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The servant-girl problem is quite unknown to families who are used to keeping "servants," and not "slaves." Servants are not treated considerately by some employers. This drives a good many of them into factories. No life is so nice in the city or country for a young girl as the right sort of private family service. Readers and lawmakers, have more kind consideration for the servant girl and the servant problem will cease to exist. A. M. B.

The West 110th Street Curves.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The local and express tracks on the One Hundred and Fourth, One Hundred and Tenth and One Hundred and Sixteenth street corners of the "L," according to an expert's report to the State Railroad Commissioners, should be protected by signals located at each end of the curve, operated in such a manner as to permit of only one train being in the block on either track at one time. Safety of operation would be increased if these curves were protected with a signal on either end. These curves, I believe, are not only the highest and most dangerous on the whole elevated system, but are also the only curves not protected by signals indicating whether the "train ahead" has cleared the danger point. When will they be made safe by signals? HENRY DILL BENNER.

How One Family Saves Money.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have been married four years and my husband's salary is $8 per week. He also makes a little money setting up pins in a bowling alley after working hours, for which he also gets his supper and beer, which saves us considerable expense. We live in a four-room flat in Flatbush and have three children and pay $15 a month rent. We live very happily. At present we have $200 in the savings bank. I write this for the benefit of the correspondent who can just get on with $18 a week.

ROSA C. WYNKER.

People's Chorus, Cooper Union.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where could I have my voice cultivated and take singing lessons at a reasonable sum? I am a stenographer, earning a moderate salary, but my voice is such that my friends advise cultivation. CHARLOTTE.

The Transfer Muddle.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I notice that in the cars of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit they post a notice that fine or imprisonment is the penalty for selling, giving away or receiving or using a transfer ticket. As a matter of common sense and justice, I wish somebody would explain why people cannot do with a transfer ticket just as they would with a five-cent piece. What does this placard really mean? If I accepted a transfer from the conductor because I was entitled to it, not because I was going to use it, and I gave it to some one who could use it, how could the company hold me liable? If there is such a law why does not the Metropolitan Street Railway Company also post it?

HERMAN ROSENSTEIN.

Love Affairs of Great Men

by Nixola Greeley-Smith.

Whitefield and the Widow James.

"THIS comes, like Abraham's servant to Rebecca's relations, to know whether you think your daughter, Miss E., is a proper person to engage in such an undertaking. If so, whether you will be pleased to give me leave to propose marriage unto her? You need not be afraid of sending me a refusal, for, I bless God, if I know anything of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love. I write only because I believe it is the will of God that I should alter my state; but your denial will fully convince me that your daughter is not the person appointed by God for me."

George Whitefield, one of the most eloquent preachers that ever lived, found no finer oratory at his command than is contained in this tepid letter, when he wrote asking the parents of the girl he loved for her hand in marriage. Nor in communicating with the girl herself did he wax more fervid. Indeed, his letter to her might have alarmed the most romantic young woman, for after telling her that if she took him for a husband she would have to be in all respects as if she had none and might have to trust for her maintenance to Him who fed the ravens, he concluded:

"I make no great profession to you, because I believe you think me sincere. The passionate expressions which carnal courtiers use, I think, ought to be avoided by those that would marry in the Lord. I can only promise, by the help of God, to keep my matrimonial vow, and to do what I can toward helping you forward in the great work of your salvation. If you think marriage will be in any way prejudicial to your better part, be so kind as to send me a denial."

It is by no means astounding to record that the young lady to whom this communication was addressed turned the lukewarm Mr. Whitefield down, nor that, like many a great man before him, he sought and found consolation in a widow slightly older than himself.

His First Proposal Rejected.

She was a Mrs. James, a devout Methodist of Abergavenny, Scotland, and after a short courtship Whitefield married her and, sad to say, lived more or less unhappily ever afterward, until she died. It cannot be said that this was altogether Mrs. Whitefield's fault. Her husband gave to his religion all the enthusiasm and emotion he dispensed with in his domestic relations. He was in some respects boorish. His father had kept the Bell Tavern, in Gloucester, and in his youth the famous pulpiteer had tended bar. Save his eloquence, much of Whitefield's equipment had a taproom flavor, which, added to his natural indifference, did not tend to sweeten his domestic life. Mrs. Whitefield, as a matter of fact, was the better man of the two. Whitefield made seven voyages to America in the course of his life for missionary purposes and his wife accompanied him. On the first trip the ship on which he had taken passage was attacked by a French vessel. Whitefield, who acknowledged that he was "naturally a coward," was barely kept from showing the white feather by the brave example of his wife, who set about making cartridges as calmly as she had ever made scones back in Abergavenny. Another incident which displayed Mrs. Whitefield's superior courage occurred in England, when the evangelist was surrounded by a hostile mob. Several stones were thrown at the preacher, who looked as if he was about to run away, when Mrs. Whitefield pushed her way to his side and exclaimed, "Now, George, play the man for God!"

Wife Made the Coward a Hero.

Notwithstanding her valuable assistance to him in his public work and her general willingness to subordinate her interests to the cause of Methodism, Whitefield wrote soon after her death that his mind was thereby "much at liberty," and four days after her decease he preached a sermon with this text: "For the creature was made subject to vanity." Whitefield's domestic troubles seem to have been due wholly to a lack of feeling on his part. The day before he was married he remarked: "God calls me to retirement, being to enter the marriage state to-morrow. I am persuaded your Lordship will not fail to pray that we may, like Zacharias and Elizabeth, walk in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless."

However, neither the prayers of Whitefield nor his friend availed.

The Girl at the Candy Counter.

By Margaret Rohe.

"NOTICE how fat I'm getting," said The Girl at the Candy Counter. "That's from laughing."

"Been to those comical mina-ter-rells again, naughty one," said the Regular Eighty-Cents-A-Pound Customer, chidingly.

"Wrong," said The Girl at the Candy Counter. "I've been reading about the Martha Washington Hotel. If you don't say something serious in a minute I shall scream, and the manager will be displeased. Of course you've heard about the scandal at the Martha. Going to change hands and policy. What could you expect? A lot of women get together and they say, 'We're women. We're independent women, just as independent as a hog on ice. We'll have a hotel of our own. We'll bar the male person. We'll have girl bell-hops and girl elevator conductors and girl janitors, and even girl chambermaids. We'll forgather among ourselves, and we'll be just as jolly and larky as we feel like. We'll go down to the hotel office and throw our room keys at the girl clerk just like a man guest does. It'll be just one Eden, that's what!' That's how they talked. And they made good on the proposition for just about one consecutive week, when No. 2 sent for her brother to come and tell her the news of the family, and No. 46 just had to have her lawyer call on a matter of vital importance, and a couple of other numbers issued hurry calls for male relatives their most intimate friends had never known they possessed. And in less time than it takes to say 'My gracious!' that woman's hotel was remarkable for the prevalence of man in the corridors and reception rooms. And a mighty welcome guest he was."

"But don't you think it is possible for women to live together in peace and unity and utter disregard of the existence of man?" asked the Regular Customer.

"Only in a prospectus," said the Girl, in a tone of finality.

Ballade of Beheaded Office-Holders.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

(Prof. Posner, of Berlin, predicts that shortly surgeons will be able to replace decapitated heads.—Item.)

THEY can put a head back upon the dead,
On the stump where the axe was dropped;
With some surgeon's glue and a stitch or two
You'd never believe 'twas chopped.
From the basket tall where the chopped heads fall
Comes a wail that's loud with pain.
And it's: "Doctor, dear, hurry over here,
Put our heads in place again!"

Rhine Waldo's poll, Mathot's billiard ball,
Storer's letter writing dome—
All the Duma's blocks now await the docks,
In the basket they're at home.
Kilburn's tank of thought with the rest is caught,
Doc Woodbury's head's there, too,
All the Murphy crowd, hit where necks were bowed,
Now await the magic glue.

Doc, come here in haste with the healing paste
Or the operation great.
Bring the stuff that sticks. There are heads to fix
In each city and each State.
All throughout this land office-holders "canned"
To your skill each hat will doff,
If you've learned the trick how to make heads stick
When they've once been taken off.

Seven Sentence Sermons.

Great souls have wills; feeble ones have only wishes.—Chinese proverb.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
So in spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
Of trouble forecasted or possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.
—Susan Coolidge.

The youth who surrenders himself to a great ideal becomes great.—Emerson.

"Live and let live" is a good maxim, but "Live and help live" is better.—Anon.

God estimates us not by the position we are in but the way in which we fill it.—Edwards.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.
—A. A. Proctor.

When I speak let me think first: Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary? If not, let it be unsaid.—Maltbie D. Babcock.